

a lamp burning near you
it comes along --
the names
the history
a flow a flow
the downward glance of psyche
the humming effect
the burning of monkeys

the brilliant midnight walls:
there's no stopping even as your head rolls
under the bed and the cat buries
its excreta.

well, now that Ezra has died...

well, now that Ezra has died
we are going to have a great many poems written
about Ezra and what he meant and who he
was and how it went
and how it still is with
Ezra gone.

well, I was shackled with this alcoholic woman
for 7 years
and I kept packing home the CANTOS through the
door, and she kept saying,
"For God's sake, you got POUND again? You know
you can't read him. Did you bring any
wine?"

she was right. I couldn't read the CANTOS.
but I usually brought the wine
and we drank the
wine.

I don't know how many years I packed those
CANTOS back and forth from the downtown public
library
but they were always available in the shelves of
the Literature and Philology section.

well, he died, and I finally went from wine to
beer and now he's died,
I suppose he was a great writer
it's just that I'm so lazy in my reading habits,
I detest any sort of immaculate strain,
but I still feel rather warm for him and Ernie
and Gertie and James J., all that gang
gripping to world war one
making the 20's and 30's available
in their special way; then there was world war 2,
Ezra backed a loser and got 13 years in with the
loonies, and now he's dead at 87 and his mistress is
alone.

well, this is just another Ezra Pound poem
except to say
I could never read or understand the CANTOS
but I'll bet I carried them around more than
almost anybody, and all the young boys
are trying to check them out at the library
tonight.

tarot

the world has a rose in its mouth
the world has a tongue in its mouth
the world has blood in its mouth
the world has me in its mouth
and I taste like
vanilla, apricots and
dogshit.
when I met Gregory Corso
he read the tarot cards for me
and some good cards were pulled,
then he said, "now, this last card is very
important; it will really be
you," and he had many rings on his fingers
and he wore a medallion
and a bright red shirt
and he was high on wine and pills
and the world had a rose in its mouth
the world had a tongue in its mouth
the world had blood in its mouth
and me in its mouth
and Gregory held the cards to me
and I pulled one and it said --
THE EMPEROR.
I liked Gregory very much, a
very fine sort.
and then he gave a tarot reading for Jon
Webb
and one for Louise Webb
and one for this professor
but they weren't as lucky
and we drank and talked the remainder of the
night and then they left
and I slept on Jon and Louise's couch
and the next day I met Corso
and we drank in a bar on skid row across
from the train station
as two bums had a fistfight in the center of
the bar
and the bartender was a 280 pound woman
with the word LOVE